

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "What's Really Good"

(feat. Rocky Raez)

"Can you play the beat a little higher?"

Yea, ok, yo, listen, check it, yo

Heyo these streets hate me, but they made me a animal  
We little ghetto boys that was raised on the avenue  
We drug dealers, stick-up kids, and what have you  
In rap battles where the audience will clap at you  
My block crazy, I never seen a cab pass through  
On bright sunny days, you can see my black shadow  
Gats with barrels tucked under the apparel  
And that's natural in a city with crack statues  
Please believe it, gun shots, some keep secrets  
You keep sleepin', get caught in ya Jeep reachin'  
Always listen to an old man when he speakin'  
To learn how to keep at least a grand on the weekend  
Learn how to analyze a man when he creepin'  
Learn not to never burn a bridge when you leakin'  
That's street knowledge, write it down and speak about it  
Drug dealers use this rap the street outlet  
I leave doubters in the back and move outwards  
Watch for them niggas with Timbs and loose outfits  
Guns don't kill people, the bullets'll kill people  
And bullets leave holes in people can just see through  
It's all mathematics it's what the streets equal  
These streets evil, city niggas with Desert Eagles  
They won't hesitate to drive-by in tinted Regals  
And that's how it is in my life, that's how it is  
(Yea, it's Rocky Raez y'all, the Ghostwriters)

Heyo, what's really good? (We over)  
'Cuz I got it on lock (In my hood)  
We hustle what we could (In yo' block)  
You niggas ain't stop (In my block)

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I got the sound right reasoning of Malachi York  
Only speak to me if I allow you to talk  
Cuz y'all ain't never learn that you crawl before walk  
My four-pound layin' you down like Black Hawk  
The gat's smart, intelligent born vicious  
Military thug who follow Allah wishes  
That's why I don't eat pork, it cause sickness  
And that's why literal cats is like bitches  
And y'all be more hard pressed to stop me  
And fiends dummin' out on the block, it's rock free  
So fuck peace, cousin bring me to war  
So I can have blood on my hands with C-4  
I need more, need weed and need cash

Or I'mma shoot three at ya team like Steve Nash  
You bleed fast, 'cuz that's jus how it go down  
That's how Vinnie Pazienza always holdin the crown  
I'm holdin' it down, with five nickel nine biscuits  
I live my life for Allah, defy Christmas  
But y'all always in Jedi Mind business  
Now your body parts are buried in five ditches  
(It's fuckin' Vinnie Paz baby)

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